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STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES
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STRANGE
SUSPENSE STORIES

STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES Volume 1, Number 39 NOVEMBER, 1958
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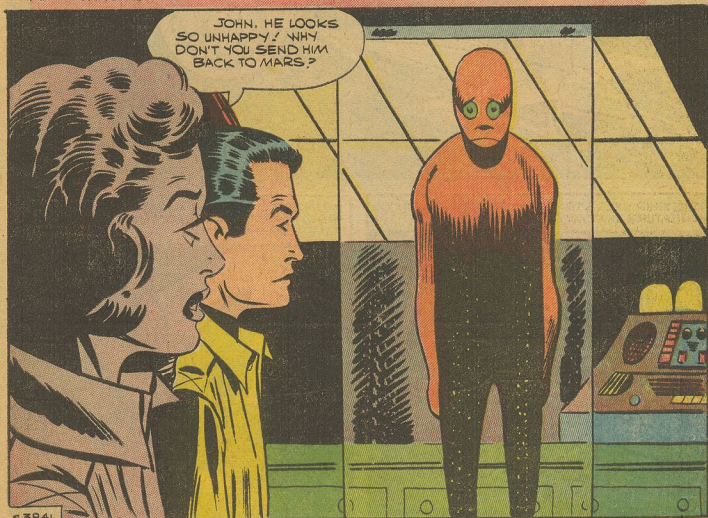
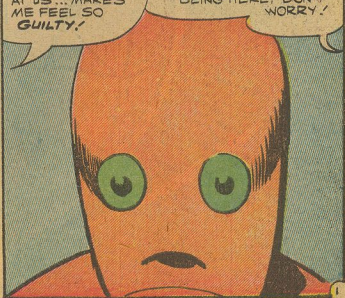
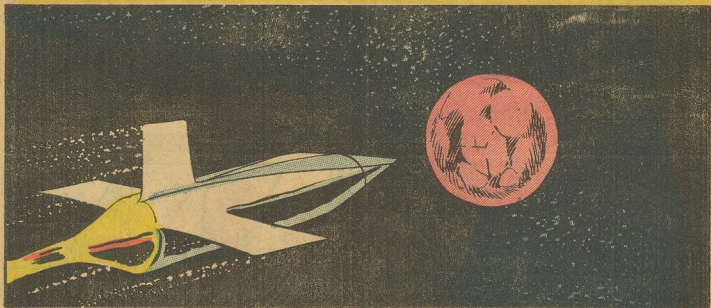
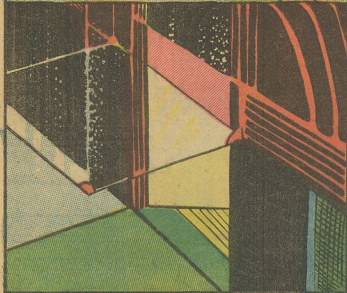
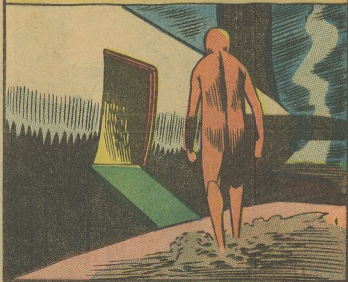
STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES

MYSTERY FROM MARS

THE FIRST LIVING BEING FROM ANOTHER PLANET, MARS, DIDN'T APPEAR VERY HAPPY IN HIS NEW SURROUNDINGS...

JOHN, HE LOOKS SO UNHAPPY! WHY DON'T YOU SEND HIM BACK TO MARS?

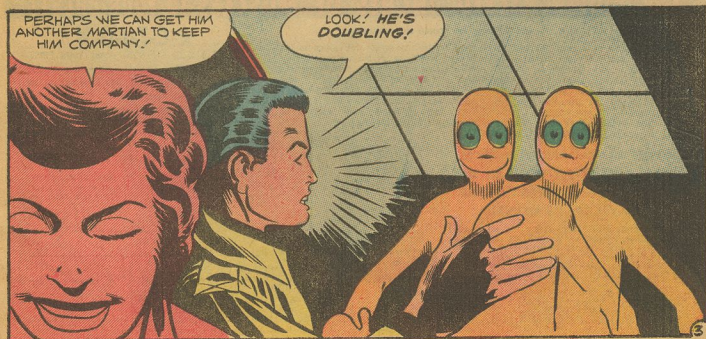
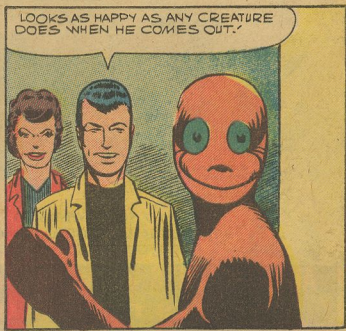
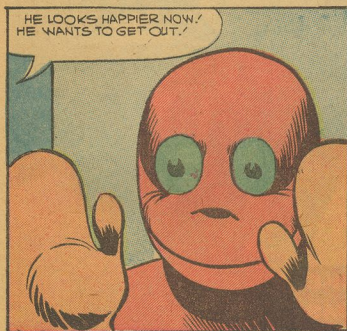
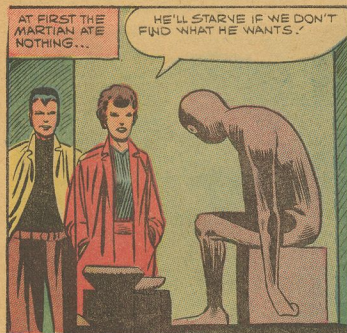
S3841

YES, THE FIRST SHIP TO BRING BACK A MARTIAN SPECIMEN HAD BEEN AN UNMANNED ROCKET...

THE SHIP WAS A TRAP TO CAPTURE ANY LIVING CREATURE THAT MIGHT WANDER INTO IT...

AS FILMED BY AUTOMATIC CAMERAS AND TELE-VISION, A CREATURE BECAME CURIOUS ENOUGH TO ENTER THE SHIP...

THE MARTAIN SHOWED NO ATTEMPT TO COM-MUNICATE WITH HIS CAPTORS...
EVIDENTLY A LOW FORM OF LIFE!

AT FIRST THE MARTIAN ATE NOTHING...
HE'LL STARVE IF WE DON'T FIND WHAT HE WANTS!

ONE DAY...
HE'S DRINKING WATER!
GOOD! WE WANT TO KEEP HIM ALIVE FOR EXPERIMENTS!

HE LOOKS HAPPIER NOW! HE WANTS TO GET OUT!

LOOKS AS HAPPY AS ANY CREATURE DOES WHEN HE COMES OUT!

PERHAPS WE CAN GET HIM ANOTHER MARTIAN TO KEEP HIM COMPANY!
LOOK! HE'S DOUBLING!

THE $10,000 CHALLENGE ONLY JOE WEIDER DARES TO MAKE!
MY GUARANTEE! Use my system for training and you will gain twice as much muscle and triple your power in less than Half The Time it would take if you followed any other method.
"The Muscle Builder" "Trainer of The Champions"
"MR. AMERICA" "MR. UNIVERSE"
CLANCY ROSS, world's best developed man, says: "You can be a mountain of mighty muscles — with power oozing out of every pore in your power-packed, jet-charged body! Do what I did — what thousands of other Herculean Weider-trained champions did — follow Weider as your leader — mail that coupon for your FREE TRIAL COURSE TODAY!
CLANCY ROSS: Mass of power-laden muscles — mighty 20-inch arms, 50-inch chest, shoulders of iron a yard wide!
ONLY 7 SHORT WEEKS TO THAT DYNAMIC, RUGGED HE-MAN BODY YOU ALWAYS WANTED
ADD 3 INCHES OF STEEL-LIKE MUSCLES TO YOUR ARMS...
4 "POWER PACKED" INCHES OF MUSCLES TO YOUR CHEST!
Says JOE WEIDER, "The Muscle Builder" and "Trainer of the Champions"
IN half the time, with twice the ease, in the privacy of your own room, in just a few minutes daily, I will, through my TRIPLE-PROGRESSION COURSE, slap inches of steel muscles to your pipe-stem arms, pack your chest with power and size, give you life-guard shoulders, dynamic, speedy athletic legs — add Jet-Charged strength to every muscle in your body. I don't care if you're short or tall, skinny or fat, office-worker, laborer, school-boy, or businessman, I must make a new virile he-man out of you, and also . . . help build "inner strength" that will give you that virile look, that women admire and men envy. Here's what I did for Clancy Ross, one of the many thousands of weaklings I turned into He-Men.
A-C-T-I-O-N
IS THE KEY TO STRENGTH! MAKE YOUR FIRST HE-MAN DECISION TO-DAY! Rush in this coupon for your free trial course. You have nothing to lose but your weakness.
AMAZING FREE TRIAL OFFER
Don't miss this once-in-a lifetime opportunity
LET ME PROVE TO YOU, AT MY OWN EXPENSE, EVERYTHING I SAY CAN BE DONE!
FREE MUSCLE BUILDING TRIAL OFFER. Fill out coupon and mail to me. I'll rush you my GIANT 32 page course, filled with exercises, training secrets, Heroic photos of mighty champions and private advice on how you can become a muscle star fast! This sensational offer is good only to males between 13 and 66 in normal good health.
NOTHING TO BUY! YES, THAT'S RIGHT!
JOE WEIDER Dept. 85309-A
114 E. 32 St., N. Y. 16, N. Y.
Shoot the works, Joe! Rush me my FREE INTRODUCTORY POWER-PACKED, MUSCLE-BUILDING COURSE. (I enclose only 10¢ to cover cost of handling and mailing.) I am under no obligation.
NAME AGE
ADDRESS
CITY ZONE STATE

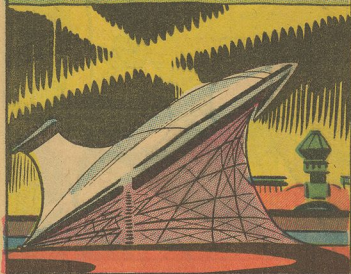
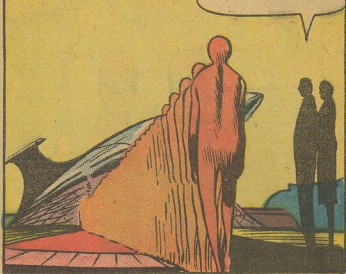
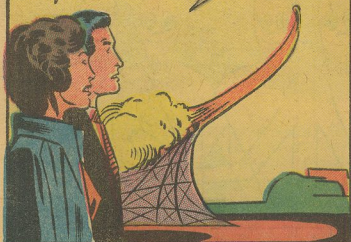
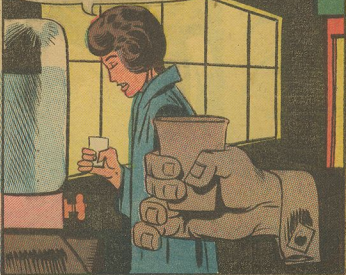
INCREDIBLE! EVIDENTLY THAT IS HOW THEY PROPAGATE!

I'VE GOT TO REPORT THIS RIGHT AWAY!

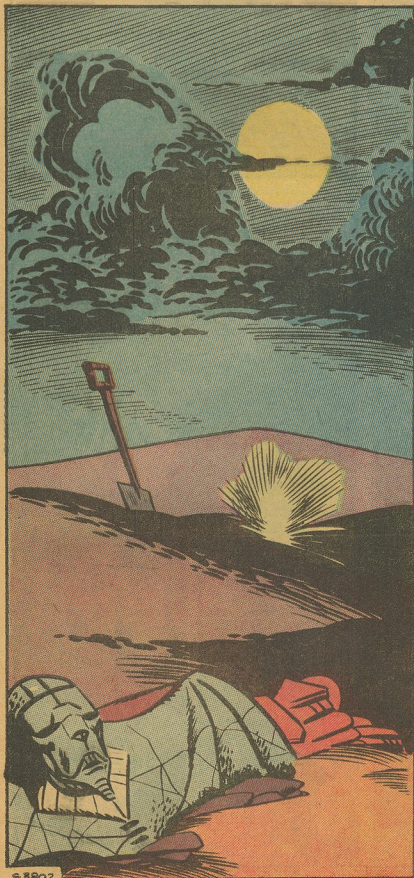
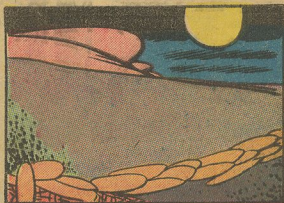
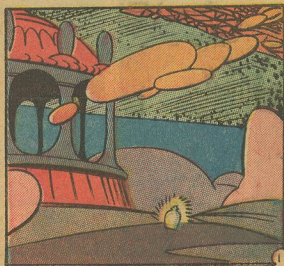
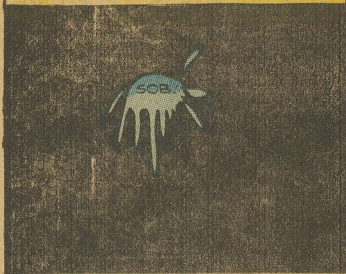
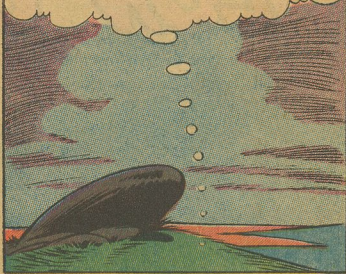
WAIT! THEY ARE BOTH DOUBLING NOW!

I HAVE TO MOVE THEM INTO BIGGER QUARTERS!
DON'T TOUCH THEM! YOU MIGHT GET SOME DISEASE!

EIGHT OF THEM NOW!

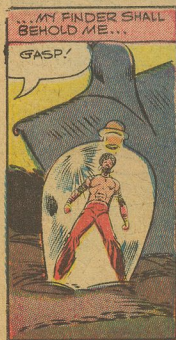
THE NATIONAL SPACE TRAVEL INSTITUTE MADE ALL HASTE TO SEND THE DOUBLING MARTIANS BACK TO THEIR PLANET BEFORE THEIR POPULATION WOULD INCREASE FURTHER...

NOW NUMBERING 32, THEY WERE HERDED INTO THE SHIP...
THAT SHIP WILL BE MIGHTY OVERCROWDED BY THE TIME IT GETS TO MARS!

WELL, WE GOT RID OF THEM, THANK GOODNESS!
YES, IT WAS THE BEST MOVE TO MAKE BEFORE ANY HARM WAS DONE!

YOU DON'T SUPPOSE THEY LEFT ANY DISEASE GERMS OR ANYTHING?

JOHN!
END

GLOW OF WOE

THERE WAS A FITFUL GLOW IN THE DEEPENING DUSK, A SMALL PULSATING BEACON OF LIGHT RISING EERILY FROM THE HEART OF THE DESERTED DIGGINGS...

FOR CENTURIES, HIS PRISON OF GLASS, ENTOMBED DEEP IN THE BURIED ANCIENT CITY, HAD BEEN HIDDEN FROM ALL MEN'S EYES...

ALL THAT SLOW DRAGGING TIME, WITH THE THICK CHOKING DARKNESS PRESSING DOWN ON THE GLASS WALLS OF HIS PRISON, THE EVIL GENIE HAD DESPAIRED OF EVER BEING FREED...
SOB

FOR ME TO BE FREED, THE BOTTLE MUST BE FOUND AND OPENED! BUT HOW CAN THE BOTTLE EVER BE FOUND ... AS LONG AS I REMAIN BURIED DOWN HERE?

BUT AT LAST, THE THICK CHOKING DARKNESS HAD BEGUN TO LIFT! JUST LAST MONTH, THE ARCHEOLOGISTS HAD COME TO THE MOUND ABOVE THE BURIED CITY, AND BEGUN TO DIG...

WITH THEIR SHOVELS RINGING OUT OVERHEAD, SPURRED ON BY THEIR FINDINGS IN THE UPPER LEVELS, THE ARCHEOLOGISTS INSTRUCTED THEIR WORKERS TO DIG EVER DEEPER INTO THE MOUND... WAS IT ANY WONDER THAT THE GENIE HAD CEASED TO DESPAIR?
SOON NOW... SOON THE LAST LAYER ABOVE ME SHALL BE REMOVED! SOON...

...MY FINDER SHALL BEHOLD ME...
GASP!

PLOP!

OHHH, ONCE I AM FREED, HOW I SHALL MAKE THE WORLD PAY FOR MY LONG IMPRISONMENT! OHH... HOW MANIFOLD SHALL BE THE MEANS OF MY VENGEANCE!

THE SHOVELS HAD COME CLOSER AND CLOSER...

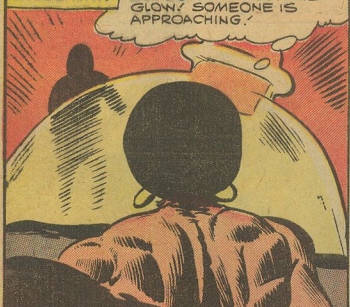
CLOSER... AND CLOSER...

UNTIL ONLY A FRACTION OF AN INCH REMAINED BETWEEN HIM AND THE NEW SURFACE...

THAT'LL BE ALL FOR TODAY, MEN! NASTY STORM COMING UP!

THE STORM HAD COME, BRINGING A DRIVING RAIN THAT LASTED ALMOST TWENTY HOURS! IT HAD KEPT RAINING IN TORRENTS...

SUDDENLY...

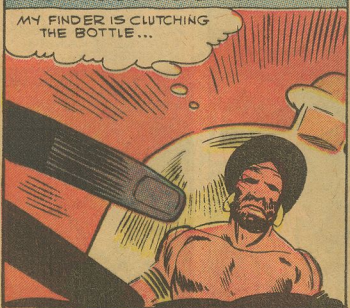
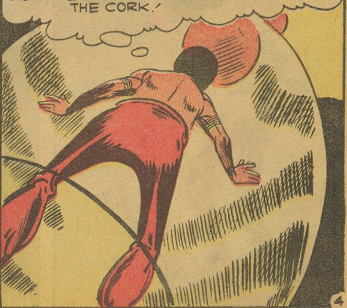
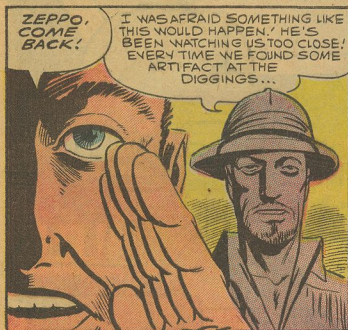
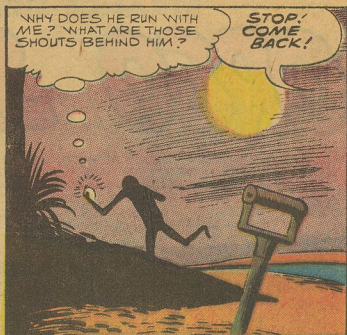
SOMEONE HAS SEEN THE GLOW! SOMEONE IS APPROACHING!

GASP! WHAT MANNER OF FOOL IS MY FINDER? CAN HE NOT HOLD A BOTTLE STRAIGHT? DOES HE NOT KNOW WHERE THE CORK IS?

WHY DOES HE RUN WITH ME? WHAT ARE THOSE SHOUTS BEHIND HIM?
STOP! COME BACK!

ZEPPO, COME BACK!
I WAS AFRAID SOMETHING LIKE THIS WOULD HAPPEN! HE'S BEEN WATCHING US TOO CLOSE! EVERY TIME WE FOUND SOME ARTIFACT AT THE DIGGINGS...

AND WHENEVER WE CARRIED ONE OF THE ARTIFACTS AWAY AND BURIED IT FOR SAFEKEEPING, HE ALWAYS TRAILED ALONG TOO!
I HOPE WHAT HE JUST PICKED UP WASN'T TOO VALUABLE...

NOBODY'LL EVER FIND HIS HIDING PLACE... WE CAN BE CERTAIN OF THAT!
TOO BAD! BUT ZEPPO NEVER MEANS ANY HARM...
ZEPPO

...IT'S JUST THAT 'MONKEY SEES, MONKEY DOES' COMPULSION OF HIS THAT KEEPS GETTING HIM INTO ALL THAT MISCHIEF!
END

STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES

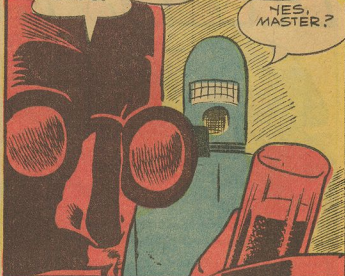
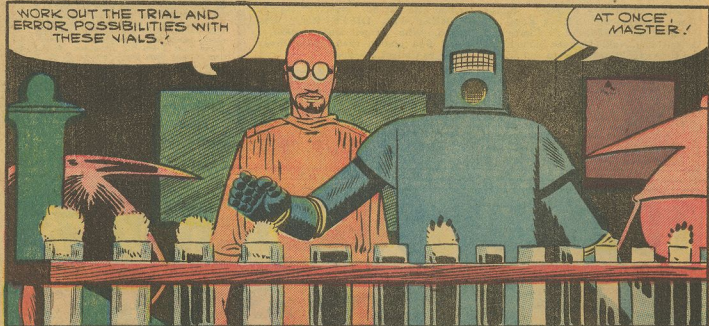
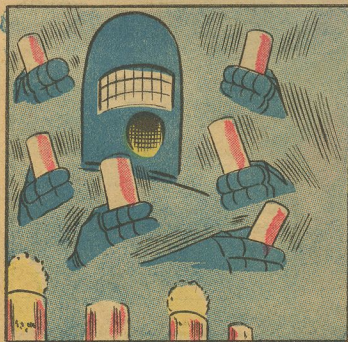
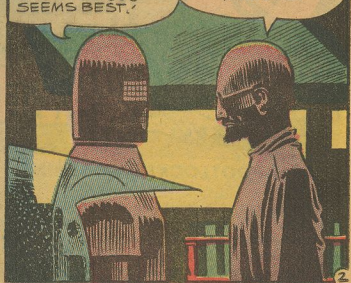
ORGO SERVES!

THE SCIENTIST FOUND IT MOST EXPEDIENT THAT HE BUILD A PERFECT MECHANICAL SERVANT AND IN ORGO HE HAD ALL THAT COULD BE DESIRED...

IT TOOK TIME OUT FROM MY REGULAR WORK TO BUILD ORGO BUT HE IS SO MUCH BETTER TO HAVE THAN NOSEY, BUNGLING HUMAN HELP!

S3837

WHEN I PERFECT MY FIREBOMB NO BIGGER IN SIZE THAN A MATCH-HEAD, I SHALL SELL TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER... ONE BOMB ABLE TO BURN A CITY IN A MATTER OF MINUTES!

BUT IT TAKES MUCH TRIAL AND ERROR TO MAKE A FIREBOMB SO SMALL YET SO POTENT! ORGO!
YES, MASTER?

WORK OUT THE TRIAL AND ERROR POSSIBILITIES WITH THESE VIALS!
AT ONCE, MASTER!

I HAVE MADE ALL POSSIBILITIES... 1296 OF THEM! EXAMPLE 868 SEEMS BEST!
GOOD WORK, ORGO! GIVE ME THE DEGREE OF MIXTURE!

ORGO, MOVE THAT EQUIPMENT OVER HERE!
YES, MASTER!

ORGO, YOU FOOL! BE CAREFUL WITH THAT BEAKER!

I ... AM HURT, ORGO! YOU KNOW WHERE TO TAKE ME ... TO THE SPACE SHIP!
YES, MASTER!

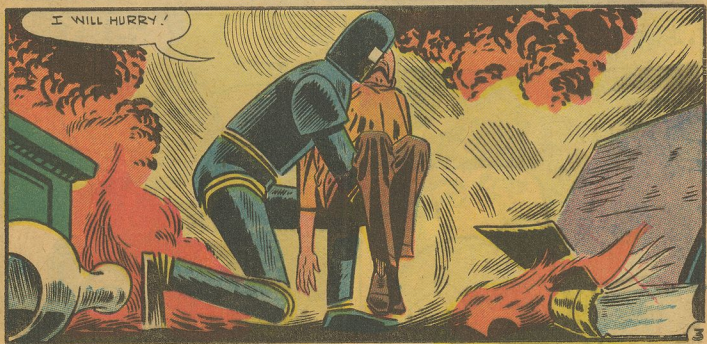
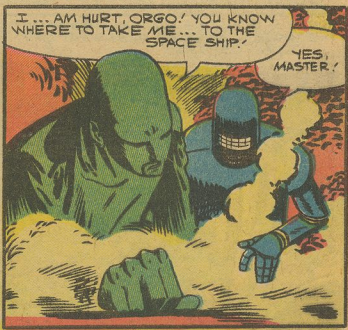
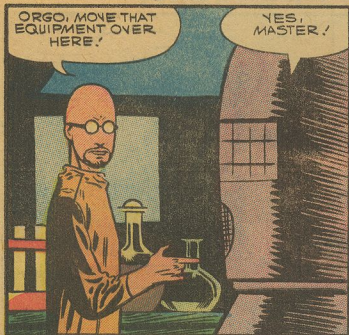
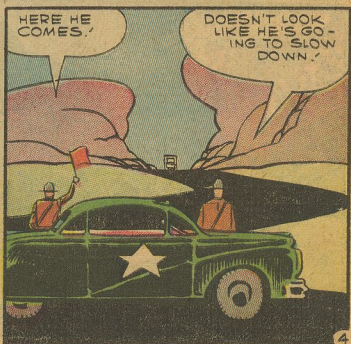
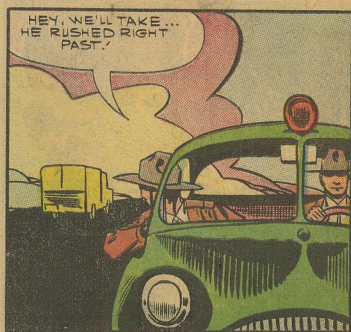
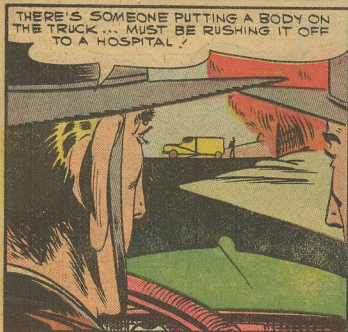
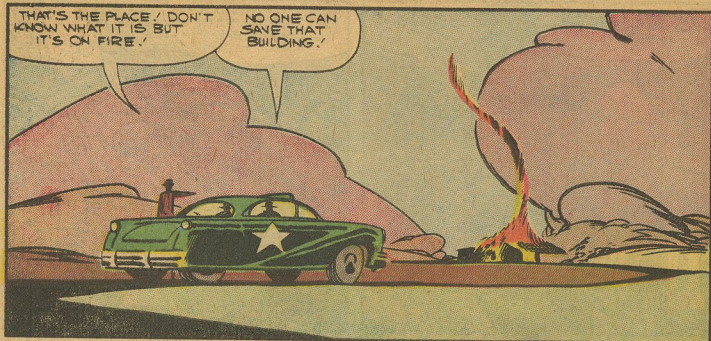
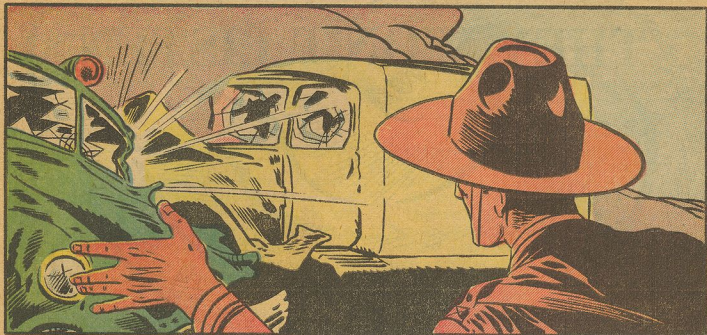
I WILL HURRY!

THAT'S THE PLACE! DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS BUT IT'S ON FIRE!
NO ONE CAN SAVE THAT BUILDING!

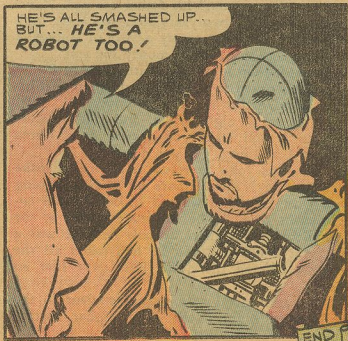
THERE'S SOMEONE PUTTING A BODY ON THE TRUCK... MUST BE RUSHING IT OFF TO A HOSPITAL!

HEY, WE'LL TAKE... HE RUSHED RIGHT PAST!

THAT'S FUNNY! LET'S CALL MURDOCK AND HAVE HIM SET UP A ROAD BLOCK!

HERE HE COMES!
DOESN'T LOOK LIKE HE'S GOING TO SLOW DOWN!

DARN FOOL! WHY DIDN'T HE ...

SAINTS PRESERVE US! IT'S A MECHANICAL MAN!

LET'S SEE THE OTHER FELLOW!

HE'S ALL SMASHED UP.. BUT... HE'S A ROBOT TOO!
END

There are many versions of the story of John Broomer. I can safely predict that for years to come there will be many more stories about him, but this is the one and only true story of what happened and how it all came about.

John Broomer was no genius no matter what you might have heard or read about him. He was just an ordinary fellow. His father was a milkman and worked from midnight until seven in the morning. There were five children in the family. John went to high school in Middletown.

Maybe he dreamed of college. But there were a lot of other things on his mind. He was in love with Elsie Chatterly who was exactly one grade below him in the high school. He wanted to marry her when he graduated.

"Too young, son," his father advised. "Give yourself at least two years after you leave high school. If you want to try a year of college, I will manage to have the money for you."

Instead, John took a job with Herman Faulkner. He worked in his shop and found that his boss liked mathematics very much.

"You go to night school and study mathematics. It will make you a great man. Listen to me. I will even pay you a bonus."

Who was John to refuse a chance to make extra money? Furthermore he still was going out with Elsie and wanted to buy her an engagement ring. So he studied at night at the Middletown Technical School. And he was a brilliant student. When he had taken all the courses offered there, his boss gave him an order.

"Go and enroll as a special student in the college at night. Take only higher mathematics."

Since Herman Faulkner was still willing to pay a bonus, John followed his suggestion. At the end of his first year of higher mathematics he married Elsie. He worked hard in the shop and for two nights a week he studied mathematics. This kept up for the next ten years.

He and Elsie had three children. Things were going fine until Herman Faulkner died and there were a lot of debts connected with the business. John found himself out of a job. He was unhappy about it. But the three kids had good appetites. So he got a job with the Suredough Supermarket, working behind a counter. He put your purchases into a bag, rang up the amount on the cash register and gave you the change.

Nobody knows exactly when it started. It seems there is one version that Elsie had listened to a radio broadcast and then remarked one evening to her husband:

"The man on the program said that some day they would even send up a manned spaceship to the Moon."

"Ridiculous," he snapped back. "We don't have to do that. There is a much simpler way. We just move the earth off its orbit and right next to the Moon. We can turn the Earth itself into a spaceship. I should know. I have worked out an energy formula to pilot the earth through space."

Elsie assumed her husband was joking. So she just let him talk.

"In through one ear and out of the other." was the way she phrased it.

In another version it happened in the back room of the supermarket. At noon most of the men would go there and eat their lunches. Dave Zimet, in charge of stock is supposed to

have made the remark:

"What a crazy idea! Trying to send up a satellite to the Moon."

"I agree with you," said John. "Just a waste of time and money. Why send up a satellite? We could send up the earth itself. It is simpler and smarter."

From that day on, John talked and talked about only one idea:

"Turn the earth into a super spaceship and visit the different planets."

People let him talk though after a time it sort of got boring and monotonous, hearing the same thing over and over. Even his kids got used to the idea. In fact they knew it by heart. Let me illustrate what I mean:

John would speak to Freddy, his oldest boy and tell him about the idea.

"The formula must work, son."

"It must work," repeated Freddy. "For 234 to the nth power will give us the zero coefficient which in turn can release the Kr element of the hidden energy in 87T."

Or he might speak to his little girl who would take time off from her dolls and climb upon her daddy's lap and listen as he spoke. But she could only give him fifteen minutes of her valuable time. At 4:15 her favorite television program went on the air.

"We merely start the chain reaction in the earth and by varying the energy output we can guide it to the Moon."

"No deviation from the total energy less the potential gives maximum output in a given plane of energy," she would smile at her daddy.

His wife would listen but she insisted on doing the wash or the cooking as he gave her the benefit of his brilliant deductions.

"It is so simple," he said. "All I have to do is get permission. I will write to the U.S. Army. Surely they will let me release energy. I can do it at the old dry well outside of Fort Monmart."

Colonel Robert K. Hendrickson couldn't make head or tails out of the letter on his desk. So he gave it to Captain Mortimer Perber.

"We are having a week dedicated to the public, called know your army. You help them. They help you. He wants to drop a formula down that old dry well. I guess it would make him happy. So tell him it's o.k."

Of course the world gives Captain Perber and Colonel Hendrickson credit for realizing the tremendous importance of the TR formula. I guess they well deserve it. Because if there had been no o.k., the earth would be in its old orbit today.

So on that momentous Thursday afternoon, John Broomer, the wife, the kids, the lunch and the formula all arrived at Fort Monmart. It was a perfect ideal day for a picnic. Sun in the sky and not a cloud to be seen. They found a table.

"You stay here with the kids and I will go to the dry well," he told his wife.

He found out where the office was and showed his letter of permission. Captain Perber escorted him and three soldiers removed the cover of the deep well. He dropped in the paper with the formula and waited. Two minutes later things began to happen.

"I think I am getting dizzy," said one of the soldiers.

"So am I," replied the other.

Definitely the earth was doing something. But what? Captain Perber blinked his eyes and realized sweat was running down his face. He could feel the vibrations go through him.

"What did you do?" he asked.

"Started the earth on its way to the Moon," a proud John Broomer replied. "No danger. You ought to broadcast the information to the people. We will have sunshine and no night for the next three months."

The army threw a security corridor around the well. The best brains that were in this country and abroad came to see what was happening.

"It is so simple," John Broomer tried to explain. "I steer the earth to the Moon."

At the end of three months the earth arrived about twenty miles from the Moon. Small Moonships landed on earth and welcomed the planet.

"How did you do it?" asked Snortibogo Gooziga, dictator of the Moon. "For centuries we have been trying to turn the other side of the Moon so you on earth could see it. But you certainly are well advanced when it comes to modern scientific achievements."

They introduced John Broomer to Snortibogo Gooziga and he was immediately given the order of the MOON CHEESE, the highest decoration on Moon. There were days of celebration as the inhabitants of the Moon visited the earth and also the other way around. Of course, everyone now listened to John Broomer. People were proud to once have known him.

"See that old paper bag," said Mrs. Chaser. "I once brought home groceries from the store. HE packed them for me. Right in that bag. I won't sell it for a million dollars. We will keep it forever as an heirloom."

No use telling you that today all the planets can visit each other as a result of the formula. The greatest man is and will be for many years to come, that simple unassuming genius — John Broomer. This is the only true certified version of what happened. I should know! I am John Broomer.

—THE END—

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THEY SWING AND SWAY IN EVERY DIRECTION!
THEY BEND, LEAN, AND TILT!
toss them in the air and they always land on their feet!
THEY STAND AND WIGGLE!
MICKEY MOUSE
EVEN THE TINIEST BREEZE ANIMATES THEM!

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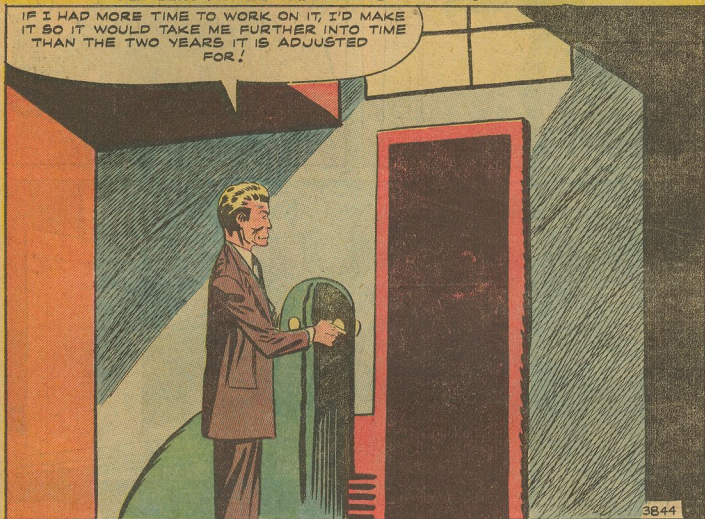
DOORWAY into TOMORROW

PETER RALSTON, WILY SCIENTIFIC GENIUS, HAD STOLEN MONEY IN HOLD-UPS AND SWINDLES TO USE IN HIS EXPERIMENTS! NOW, KNOWING THAT THE POLICE WERE CLOSING IN ON HIM, HE WAS GOING TO ESCAPE BY HIS LATEST PERFECTED DEVICE... A TIME TRAVELLING MACHINE!

IF I HAD MORE TIME TO WORK ON IT, I'D MAKE IT SO IT WOULD TAKE ME FURTHER INTO TIME THAN THE TWO YEARS IT IS ADJUSTED FOR!

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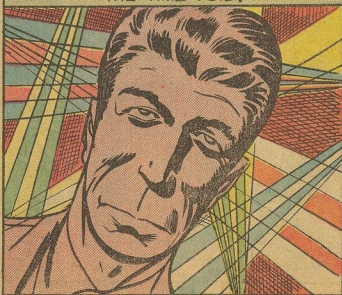
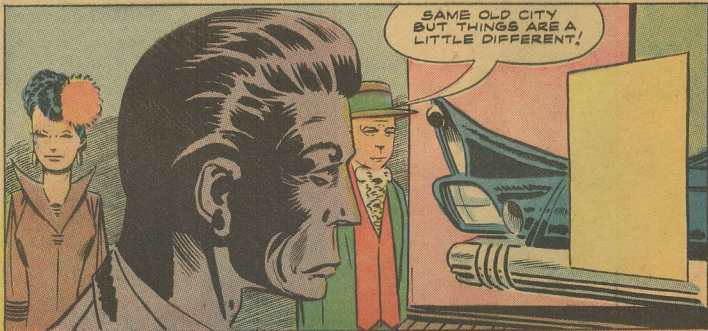
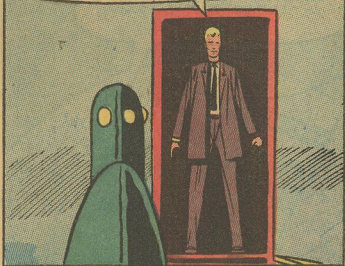

I HAVE DONE IT! I STEPPED *INTO TOMORROW*, TWO YEARS INTO THE FUTURE!

I CAN NEITHER SEE NOR FEEL THE MACHINE BUT I KNOW WHEN I STEP BACK INTO SPACE I'LL RETURN TO TWO YEARS AGO!

SAME OLD CITY BUT THINGS ARE A LITTLE DIFFERENT!

THE POLICE ARE PROBABLY STILL LOOKING FOR ME IN THIS YEAR... I FORGOT TO BRING MY GUN... I THINK I'LL GO BACK AND GET IT!

HERE'S WHERE I STEP BACK!
2

AGAIN FORCES BEAT DOWN ON PETER RALSTON...

AH, EVERYTHING'S ALL RIGHT... NOW TO GET MY GUN AND GO BACK INTO THE FUTURE!

IF THE POLICE COME THEY'LL HAVE A BIG MYSTERY ON THEIR HANDS! BUT THEY WON'T FIND THIS PLACE!

BUT THE POLICE DID FIND THE PLACE!
COME OUT WITH YOUR HANDS UP, RALSTON!
HE DOESN'T ANSWER... LET'S BREAK IN THE DOOR!

I WAS SO SURE HE WAS IN HERE... WHERE COULD HE HAVE GONE... AND WHAT'S THAT CONTRAPTION?

THEY'LL NEVER FIGURE OUT WHERE I WENT! NOW TO GO TO MY BANK AND DRAW SOME FUNDS! I MUST HAVE ACCUMULATED SOME INTEREST IN TWO YEARS! HEH-HEH!
BANK

HOW MUCH IS THERE IN THE ACCOUNT OF PETER RALSTON?
WELL, THE MONEY WAS IMPOUNDED TWO YEARS AGO BY THE POLICE DEPARTMENT... ARE YOU A POLICE OFFICER?

ER... YES, NEVER MIND!
WELL, IT'S HANDY I HAVE MY GUN...

I CAN MAKE MY GETAWAY BACK INTO THE PAST!

THIS IS A STICK-UP!

HELP, POLICE!

IF I CAN JUST GET BACK TO THE TIME MACHINE!

IT... ISN'T WORKING!

RALSTON! WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN FOR THE LAST TWO YEARS?

WHAT DID YOU DO WITH THE APPARATUS THAT WAS IN HERE?

WE DISMANTLED IT BUT THE POLICE LABORATORY MEN COULDN'T FIGURE OUT WHAT IT WAS! WHAT WAS IT!

IT WAS A TIME MACHINE... I TRAVELED TWO YEARS INTO THE FUTURE!
YOU'RE CRAZY! BUT WE HAVE A TIME MACHINE FOR YOU! WE CALL IT A PRISON! YOU CAN TRAVEL IN TIME THERE THE SLOW WAY! HA HA!
END

STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES

THEY SAY IT'S HAUNTED

THE HOUSE ON THE HILL WAS CONSIDERED TO BE HAUNTED BY SOME OF THE TOWN FOLK AND EVEN THE NEW OWNER OF THE HOUSE FELT THERE WAS SOMETHING ODD ABOUT THE PLACE...

WE WOULD LIKE TO LOOK OVER THE PLACE! WE MIGHT RENT IT!

HOUSE FOR RENT

S3843

SMART ALECK KID!
IS IT TRUE, HA-HA, THAT THE PLACE IS HAUNTED?

WELL, I'M NOT DENYING THAT SOME FOLKS THINK IT IS BUT YOU KNOW HOW PEOPLE TELL STORIES... WANT TO SEE THE INSIDE?
SURE. LET'S GO IN!

WHY, IT'S LOVELY!
YES, I PUT IN ALL GOOD STUFF!

NICE KITCHEN, TOO... LET'S MOVE IN, CHARLES!
ALL RIGHT, IDA!

I HOPE... YOU'LL BE VERY HAPPY HERE!

THE GREERS MOVED IN THAT DAY AND LIKED THEIR NEW HOME

YOU FOLKS ALL RIGHT? HEARD YOU MOVED IN! HEAR ANYTHING STRANGE?
WHY, NO, NOTHING PARTICULAR. WHY?

I GUESS THEY DIDN'T SHOW UP YET!
WHO DIDN'T SHOW UP?

THE GHOSTS, OF COURSE! THE PLACE IS HAUNTED, YOU KNOW!

I'M SICK AND TIRED OF HEARING PEOPLE TALK ABOUT GHOSTS... I DON'T WANT TO HEAR ANY-MORE ABOUT IT!
JUST A FRIENDLY WARNING, THAT'S ALL!

WHAT IS IT?
OH, JUST SOME NOSEY FOLK... LET'S GET BACK AND RESUME OUR EXPERIMENTS IN BLACK MAGIC!

THAT EVENING, STRANGE LIGHTS WERE SEEN FLOATING AROUND THE OLD HOUSE...

EEEEE!
CRASH!
OH, SCREAMS AND NOISES!
I'M GOING TO GET SHERIFF ADAMS!

WHATEVER IS GOING ON UP THERE NEEDS INVESTIGATION!

IT'S COMPLETELY WRECKED, SHERIFF!
IT LOOKS TO ME LIKE THAT GREER COUPLE HAD AN AWFUL FIGHT!

DID YOU SAY... GREER? DIDN'T YOU KNOW THAT WAS THE NAME OF THE COUPLE WHO PRACTICED BLACK MAGIC IN THIS HOUSE 80 YEARS AGO?

NO, I DIDN'T KNOW THAT, BUT... WHAT DOES IT MEAN?
THERE'S BEEN SOME TIME WARP... THE GREER COUPLE OF 80 YEARS AGO JUST DISAPPEARED LIKE THIS TOO, LEAVING THE HOUSE A WRECK!
END

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NAME
ADDRESS

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